

The Times.

The Reading Matter will consist of Original Stories, History, Biography, Agriculture, Education, Poetry, and the Foreign and Domestic News of the Day.

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[WHOLE NO. 58.]

ORIGINAL.

In the Beautiful Realm of Sleep.

BY A. PERRY SPERRY.
In the beautiful realm of sleep,
What golden dreams may come,
What stately castles may there arise,
And lift their heads to the dimpled skies,
What mountains of flowers may burst to bloom,
And sickle the soul with their rich perfume,
In the quiet vale of sleep.

O, Angel of shadowy wings
Who bringeth the boon of sleep,
When the soul is weary and the eyes are dim,
Thy rustling wing is a holy hymn,
And its shadow nestles the soul to rest,
And falls like balm on the weary breast,
O, Angel of shadowy wings.

O, Angel of beautiful dreams,
When we sink to the sleep of death,
When the eyes grow dim and the heart is chill,
When the lips move not and the pulse is still,
Will thy bright wings nestle within the tomb,
And cast a light o'er its mighty gloom,
O, Angel of beautiful dreams.

N. Y., Jan. 1857.

LINES.

Respectfully Inscribed to Miss V. C. L., of
Oxford, N. C.

BY MARY HAY.
'Tis sad to think of by-gone days
And wish again they were near;
To sing again the old time lays,
Still to our hearts so dear.
To lift the veil and read the heart,
And find it turning back,
To other scenes which soon depart,
And leave a barren track.

To know that in our childhood's life
We found not what we need;
But now we're in the battle's strife
The heart must grieve and bleed—
'Tis sad to think of by-gone days
And wish again they were near;
To sing again the old time lays,
Still to our hearts so dear.

How oft we turn with sickened soul
From thought the world can give—
Loathing its joys—its glittering gold—
Yet, feel that we must live;
And 'tis a blessed thing to find
On our life's rippling tide
A cloud with radiant silver lined
To cheer us as we glide.

MUSIC.

BY WM. HANSEN, M. D. OF GA.

NUMBER I.

Reader—I do not say, "gentle reader,"
as the fashion is, for I despise the puerile
expression; and you may not feel so very
gentle just now; but if you are as ferocious
as a catamount, I wish to tame you by
gaining your attention to the subject of
music—come, listen to my talk about this
heaven-blessed science.

You have heard all your life, perhaps,
the old classic story of Orpheus, the reputed
son of Apollo and the muse Calliope,
at the sound of whose harp "rapid rivers
ceased to flow, savage beasts of the forest
forgot their wildness, and mountains moved
from their places; and when he de-
scended into hell to recover his lost
and loved Eurydice, Plato himself stood en-
tranced at the sound of his lyre, the wheel
of the tired Ixion stopped and gave the
poor wretch a breathing spell, the stone of
Sisyphus ceased its eternal rolling, Tan-
talus forgot his raging thirst, and even the
Furies relented. All this, you know, is
only a fabulous way of describing the power
of music. Much more than this has
been said, and grandly said, from age to
age, on the same subject.

God has placed His myriad harps every-
where, in the sighing winds, the roaring
ocean, the electric thunder, and in the
throats of beasts, and birds, and men.
Timbers creak in regular melodic numbers;
and the notes of chickens, wood-peckers,
and nightingales may be correctly repre-
sented by musical diagrams. Get *Gard-
ner's Music of Nature*, of Russell & Rich-
ardson, Boston, Mass., or of Mason Brothers,
N. Y., and you will see a most happy
and beautiful illustration of this subject.
God's harps are everywhere, and men have
found means to represent their notes to the
eye.

Did you ever hear "The Minute Gun
at Sea," in which certain notes are made
to imitate the distant booming of cannon?
or Haydn's "Oratorio of the Creation," in
which chaos in darkness is represented by
ten thousand changing, jarring, discordant
sounds, followed by the sweetest gushing
of melody, that earth can know, at the
words, "and God said, 'Let there be light?'"
If you have heard these, and many more,
grand and beautiful pieces,
still you may be wondering how happy
musicians can represent so many things in
their science to the eye.

Come then and let us (you and me)
have singing school for a few weeks, and
see if I can explain to you the principles
of Music. If you prove an attentive pupil
and a wise instructor, you will thank me
thru' all the remainder of your life for
teaching you, and the Editors of the *Times*
for giving me the opportunity to do it. I
am aware that many good people in N. C.
are prejudiced against singing schools, and
I fear they have too much reason to be so;
but I hope you and I will conduct our
school in such a manner as to disarm pre-
judice and win all the sensible folks to our
side. I tell you what let's do; let's open

our school with prayer (we ought to "pray
without ceasing" anyhow you know and
ask the blessing of God on all we do) be-
have well at school, and everywhere else,
and then always sing at meeting to the
end of our lives. And we must sing the
Lord's songs, not the Devil's, nor the
world's, for these will ruin our souls, while
those will always be a blessing to us. St.
James says, "is any merry? let him sing
Psalms." St. Paul tells us to speak to our-
selves in "Psalms, and hymns and spiri-
tual songs." Then let us learn the prin-
ciples of music that we may "sing aloud
unto God our strength," and "make a joy-
ful noise unto Him with Psalms."
We'll sing Old Hundred, in our hearts,
and be dismissed till next week.

"O, come, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty King;
For we voices high should raise
When our Salvation's Rock we praise."

LIFE PAGES.

BY THE AUTHOR.

NUMBER I.

I ask your careful attention while, with
the pen of an unskilled writer, I record
a life page in my history. In 1847, I
joined the 1st Regt. of Mich. Volunteers,
and took passage for Vera Cruz. I was
but a mere boy, for over my brow the suns
of eighteen summers had not cast a shad-
ow. In that spirit of love of adventure
which has ever been a prominent trait in
my character, I became a soldier. I
passed during the War with Mexico. I
lived over the time between our departure
from the city of Detroit, and our arrival at
Vera Cruz, merely mentioning, that we
landed in the latter city about the 1st of
February, 1848. Our Regiment was or-
dered to Cordova, situated 75 miles south
west of Vera Cruz, and containing a popu-
lation of eight or ten thousand. On our
arrival we were quartered in different
parts of the city. For several weeks nothing
occurred of any account, and I for one
was sick of the sameness of my situation.
One evening I was placed on guard in front
of a house, in which were assembled a
number of the aristocracy of the city en-
gaged in discussing the probabilities of a
peace between Mexico and the United
States, also passing judgment upon the
fine liquors of Don Jose de Martin. For
one long, lonely hour had I paced up and
down in front of the window that separated
me from the happy faces within, when my
attention was called to a young girl of
some seventeen summers, who had taken
a seat near the window and was playing
on the guitar, while plain English words,
attested her knowledge of my own lan-
guage. For the moment I almost forgot
my duty, and leaning upon my gun, lis-
tened to the rich melody of her voice.
She was handsome, the saxon and Moorish
features intermingling. Long golden
ringlets with coal black eyes, that sparkled
like diamonds in the starlight. She ceased
singing, and leaned thoughtfully against
the window casement. A tall Spanish
cavalier came to her side and endeavored
to make himself agreeable, but she showed
little favor for him. He left her, and
she conversed with herself again. Her
handkerchief dropped from her hands, and
fell on the pavement at my feet. It was
the work of a moment for me to replace it
in her possession, and she murmured her
thanks for my kindness in pure English.
Then ensued a long conversation, during
which I learned that her father was a
Spanish Count exiled from his native
land, for having taken a prominent part;
that he had married the daughter of a
wealthy English tradesman, and that the
money which she brought him was their
only means of support, as his estates had
all been confiscated. Need I say that I
was interested, that my first leisure hour
was passed in the society of the old Span-
ish English daughter as she was called?
You have already surmised as much. Some
months after our romantic manner of get-
ting acquainted with each other, I hap-
pened to be out of the city, sight seeing, and
seated myself in the center of a large Or-
ange grove. The sighing of the wind as it
swept through the perfumed branches,
was all the noise that intruded to break
the monotony of my meditations, until a
faint shriek followed in quick succession
by others came to my ear. I grasped my
revolver with a firm hand; I started in
the direction from which the sounds pro-
ceeded. Never shall I forget the sight,
that met my view. Seated upon a large
rock was the tall cavalier of whom I have
before spoken, with Josephine de Martin
in his arms. In a moment I compre-
hended how matters stood, and raising my
trusty pistol fired. A bound, a shriek,
and the sound of a falling body as it struck
the earth was the only reply I received to
my strange but peremptory question, of
"What's to pay now senior?" I stepped
lightly over the body of the man, and
raising the insensible Josephine in my
arms, bore her to the spring near by, and
soon had the satisfaction of seeing those
dark eyes gaze inquiringly at mine. "Not
now, is this no time to explain. Take me
home, and then I will tell you all, but
where is he?"—Don Travalla?

"Oh he is gone the long journey," and
without another word we walked slowly
homewards. But I must hurry. It ap-
peared by what I have been able to learn
that she was walking with Travalla, who
was the husband her father had chosen
for her, when he commenced taking un-
due liberties with her, and she called for
aid, upon which he had struck her with
such force as to render her insensible.
Just then I came to the rescue and killing
the wretch, won a wife, who is looking
over my shoulder, as I write this, and
advises me to tell I married for money.
Well reader, I did. My wife is a trea-
sure in more ways than one, as the many
comforts by which I am surrounded afford
ample evidence.

THE SPIRIT'S BREATHINGS.

Most affectionately inscribed to Emma Sophia
Mills.

BY CLARENCE CARLETON.

"Go when the morning shineth,
Go when the moon is bright;
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night;
Go with pure mind and feeling,
Fling earthly cares away,
And, in thy closet kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray."

How holy and calm the sacred hush of
morning, when nature is but just awaking
from her lingering slumbers! The rosy
fingered Goddess comes tripping forth from
her Eastern chambers; her locks hanging
dewy with the tears of the angels; breath-
ing the fragrance of a thousand odors.
Sweetly and benignly she throws the
wreaths of her smiles around my spirit as
it welcomes her approach, which fills the
soul with a new born joy. I would com-
mune at such an hour as this with the
many winged spirits which flit by on the
wings of a sweet and holy imagination.
Tis here the soul finds rest, and gathers
vigor for the duties which are yet to be.
All is silent yet—Nature breathes softly
and gently. The busy world still sleeps.
The sound of fair morning's tread echoes
along the halls of Nature's vast, high arch-
ing cathedral—they send a thrill of calm
and tranquillity over my spirit's commu-
nings, leading me, by the golden chain of
heavenly influence, up through the des-
cending halos to the Beatific presence.

But night—the hush of nature's bed
chamber! nursery of holy thought! my
spirit loves to nestle here. Nature sleeps,
having whispered a tender and loving
"Good bye" to the guardians of the sil-
ent hours. Even now a pearly bead rests
on the eye lashes of the young night, to
be kissed off by angel watchers. My spir-
it would enjoy the pleasure, but fears to
break the charm which rests upon surround-
ing nature. 'Tis now—at such an hour
as this that drawing around it the heavy
folds of its own pensive thoughts my spir-
it as by the enchanters magic influence,
summons to its presence, the shades of
those we love, and, with them, though
far removed (it may be) hold sweet and
holy converse. Spirit then answers to spir-
it—and heart to heart. Yes, "in the
hush of night," in sacred thought, when
nature occurs to mar the holiness of the
hour, I meet the spirits of those whose
purity of thought ever hovers over me, in
the quiet chambers of the Night. Amid
the green bowers of more than earthly
communion, my spirit feasts its exalted
nature on themes befitting of heaven. Our
Immortality longs for such a time, for such
a place, for such a theme. When thus
surrounded, when thus employed, it dwells
beneath the holy influence of a thousand
halos, whose light is the taper of the soul—the
chandelier of God's own Eternity.
Yale, Jan. 15, 1857.

THE BIBLE, a book for every body to read and study.

"I am of opinion that the Bible contains
more true sublimity, more exquisite beauty,
more pure morality, more important histo-
ry, and finer strains of poetry and eloquence,
than can be collected from all other books,
in whatever age or language they may
have been written."—Sir William Jones.
"I hazard the assertion, that no man
ever did or ever will become truly eloquent,
without being a constant reader of the Bi-
ble, and an admirer of the purity and sub-
limity of its language."—Fisher Ames.
"The Bible is worth more than all the
other books which were ever printed."—
Patrick Henry.

"Young men, attend to the voice of one
who has possessed a certain degree of fame
in the world, and who will shortly appear
before his Maker: read the Bible every
day of your life."—Dr. Samuel Johnson.
"If a person would obtain a true knowl-
edge of the Christian religion, let him study
the Holy Scriptures, especially in the New
Testament. Therein are contained the
words of eternal life. It has God for its
author, salvation for its end, and truth
without any mixture of error for its mat-
ter."—John Locke.

One reason why we see so few agreeable
in conversation is, that almost everybody
is more intent on what he himself has
a mind to say, than upon making pertinent
replies to what the rest of the company
say to him.

From the Southern Ladies' Book. COME TO ME IN DREAMS.

BY GEO. D. FREESTONE.

Come in beautiful dreams, love,
Oh! come to me,
When the light wing of sleep
On my bosom lies soft;
Oh! come when the sea
Like the pulse of the night—
When the sky and the wave
Wear their loveliest blue,
When the dew is on the flower
And the stars on the dew.

Come in beautiful dreams, love,
Oh! come and we'll stray
Where the whole year is crowned
With the blossoms of May—
Where each sound is as sweet
As the coo of a dove,
And the gales are as soft
As the breathings of love;
Where the beams kiss the waves,
And the waves kiss the beach,
And our warm lips may catch
The sweet lessons they teach.

Come in beautiful dreams, love,
Oh! come and we'll fly
Like two winged spirits
Of love through the sky;
With hand clasped in hand
On our dream-wings we'll go
Where the star-light and moon-light
Are blending their glow;
And on bright clouds we'll linger
Of purple and gold,
Till, love, angels envy
The bliss they behold.

PRIZE STORY.

WRITTEN FOR THE TIMES.

FANNY MOWBRAY;

OR,

The Gambler's Wife.

A STORY OF THE HEART.

BY FINLEY JOHNSON.

CHAPTER IX.

Within her solitary chamber, commu-
ning with her own thoughts, sat Fannie
West. She was still beautiful, but sorrow
and care had stolen a few beauties from
her brow. Reports of her husband's propen-
sities were day after day, breathed into
her ears, but were met with scorn and con-
tempt. But, when at last, time brought the
fearful truth home to her, she bowed her
head, and wept in the bitterness of her
heart. His home was no more a home to
him. Night after night would he absent
himself; and when he returned, it was in
a state that showed he was lost to every
sense of virtue. His rest at night was
disturbed by dreams, in which his fancy,
wrought visions of gold. The chains were
on him—they could not be sundered.

The old clock had rung out the hour of
midnight, and yet he came not. She
could not sleep—her ears were listening
for his well known footsteps. After hours
of untold agony, she heard the door slam
with violence, and the next moment, her
husband came in reeling, hardly able to
stand.

"What, Fannie, not g-g-gone t-t-to b-b-
bed," he stammered out. "What is the
m-m-matter?" Tears were her only
reply. She threw herself upon the bed,
and burying her face in the pillow, wept
bitterly. Not noticing his wife, he began
to undress, muttering to himself, "De-
Vere is a t-t-trump-w-w-won for me—
ten thousand—do-dol-dollars—ha-ha—ri-
chies are now mine," and he was soon
lost in a drunken slumber.

"Oh, Walter," exclaimed his wife, the
next morning, "leave the company of that
De Vere. He will ruin you," and the af-
fectionate creature twined her snowy arms
around his neck, and impressed a kiss up-
on his lips.

"I will, so help me heaven—I shall
shun his company; never touch a card,
and then, dear Fannie, we shall be happy,"
and as he spoke he pressed her to his
heart.

But, alas! he knew not of the hold De
Vere had upon him. In vain was resolve
after resolve made, and made only to be
broken.

Again he plunged into the vortex; again
was Victor De Vere ever nigh him; who
by his taunts of being kept in bondage by
his wife, had changed every virtuous re-
solve of the unfortunate dupe. Poor
Fannie. Her happiness was altogether
destroyed, and often she prayed that she
might share the grave of her departed
brother. Her pale face, and wasting form
was ever before her husband. He at first
treated her with coldness, which finally
settled in contempt. Often at night,
would she lay awake, and pray and weep,
and as she would hear the money boxes
brought into the house, she would most
earnestly pray for death to end her exis-
tence.

One night, on entering the rooms, where
De Vere presided at the principal table,
West was greeted with a smile from that
individual, and a challenge to try his
luck.

"The bank has been exceedingly lucky,"
said the gambler. "Let us see if your luck
will not change it." He accepted the invitation, and the

first deal was in his favor. Again and
again he ventured, but the fickle goddess
had changed; and when he arose from the
table he had lost a considerable sum.

Not wishing his victim to suspect him
of any ulterior motive, De Vere made no
objections as to his leaving, but expressed
a wish to meet him there the next night.

"Then," muttered he, "for vengeance."
The next night as Walter was leaving
his house with all the gold he could collect,
his wife, pale and weeping, threw herself
at his feet, and implored him by every-
thing sacred, not to persevere in his course
of ruin, which must inevitably lead to
Misery and want.

Raising her gently up, he folded her in
his arms, and said with a sigh; "Fannie—
my beloved Fannie it must be so. I must
do it—But to-morrow—to-morrow, you
shall be happy, for here before God I
solemnly swear that this night shall be the
last in which I ever touch a card. Be
calm, Fannie—retire to sleep—dream of
happy days, and I shall have better luck
to-night." Casting one look upon her, he
abruptly departed.

CHAPTER X.

Once more he stood at the fated table—
in three deals he had lost everything.
Motionless—incapable of action, he stood
and gazed as if stupefied with anguish,
upon the pile which lay strewn before him.
His reverie was broken by the voice of
De Vere, saying;

"West, do you play again," and he
shuffled the cards for a new deal.

"I have lost my all," was the reply,
and the wretched man's voice trembled.

"What—have you indeed been so un-
fortunate?" said the villain, in a voice of
pretended sympathy. "Have you nothing
else to stake?"

"No, I am a beggar. I have nothing
—absolutely nothing."

De Vere, unconcerned, went on
shuffling the cards, then, after dealing
them, said softly, "you have something
left yet—a beautiful wife."

"Well, what of that?" demanded West,
with sternness in his voice, "she is too
pure to be contaminated by a fiend even
like you."

Taking no notice of this outbreak, De
Vere continued dealing, and after a pause
of ten minutes, said;

"Ten thousand dollars against Fan-
nie."

"You are mad—deranged—you surely
cannot mean it," cried West.

"Twenty thousand dollars for Fan-
nie," again said the gambler.

Lost to reason—excited by the faint
hope that he might regain his own, he
hesitated—and the act was fatal. With
a gloomy frown he nodded his assent to
the stakes.

A few moments decided all—he had
lost—the bank had won. A ghastly hue
stole over his features, a faintness seized
his frame, and pale as death, he staggered
to the window.

One by one the players departed; the
hall was desolate, when De Vere ap-
proached his victim, and said in a low, mocking
tone;

"Well, sir, what next?"

"My God," replied West, with emo-
tion, "you have made me a beggar, you
have won my gold, but you are a madman
if you think you have won my wife. My
Fannie, to be bought and sold? By heaven,
never."

"Recollect, sir," said De Vere, my
twenty thousand dollars have bought
her, and the right to her is mine. If she
is willing to go with me, she shall, though
all the world should oppose it."

"Go with you. She will spurn you
Yes, you and your gold. Ha, Ha, your
money was staked for nothing."

"Let him laugh who wins," said De
Vere scornfully. "As for myself, I do not
despair. You have brought your wife to
want and misery—it is you whom she will
scorn. Now, listen, and then we will
proceed to business. Walter West, I
loved Fannie Mowbray before she became
your bride. I told her of that love, and
she repulsed me; not only repulsed, but
scorned me. My love was turned to hate.
I swore an oath of vengeance, and most
rigidly have I kept it, I followed you up
—in the garb of a friend I won your con-
fidence. I led you on to ruin—entrapped
you in the gaming hell, and now to night
is my hour of triumph—I am avenged.
I resolved your ruin. I have succeeded.
And now to your wife."

Thunderstruck by this startling dis-
closure, West stood as if paralyzed. He
now saw the lead of misery he had brought
upon his wife. He now, indeed, feared
that she would desert him. But master-
ing his agitation, he assumed a voice of
calmness, and said;

"My wife shall decide. She hates you
—scorns you. Come on then," and he
led the way to his own house.

De Vere followed, and as he fancied he
saw the fulfillment of his vows of vengeance,
he smiled in triumph.
They reached the house of Walter West.
It was midnight. De Vere was proceed-
ing to the chamber of Fannie, when he
was pulled back by West, who said, in

trembling tones; "She is sleeping, you
will not awaken her?"

"Why, how considerate," replied De
Vere, in a voice of mockery. "Awaken
her. Do you fancy she has enjoyed much
sleep since you have made her so misera-
ble?"

"For heaven's sake," exclaimed the
wretched man, "have compassion on me,"
and throwing himself at the feet of De
Vere, he cried; "Be merciful—you have
made me a beggar—destroyed my happi-
ness—leave me—leave me my wife."

"This scene is growing tiresome," said
De Vere, in contemptuous tones, "come
let us to business." Thus speaking, he
turned and walked rapidly towards the
sleeping apartment of Fannie.

With one spring, West leaped before
him, reached the door, flung it back upon
its hinges, and rushed like a madman to
the bed upon which his wife lay. Draw-
ing aside the curtains, he called out, in a
voice, the tones of which were heart rend-
ing; "Fannie—Fannie—but no re-
ply was given. Stooping over her, he
took her hand in his, then bending his
head down to her mouth—let her hand fall
suddenly—and with a wild, piercing
shriek of accumulated agony, staggered
backwards into the room, pointing at the
same time, towards the bed, and fell faint-
ing on the floor.

De Vere followed the glance of his eye,
and the direction pointed out by his finger;
and felt that something awful had occurred;
but of what character he knew not. With
solemn steps, and alarm depicted upon his
countenance, he approached the bed, part-
ed the curtains with trembling hands, and
stood paralyzed at the sight that met his
view.

Fannie West was lying there a corpse.
Yes, there upon the snow white-sheets, she
lay lifeless, with death's seal stamped upon
her brow. A smile of innocence, even yet
fingered upon her pale lips. She had fled
to heaven—God had sent his angels, and
upon their golden wings, they bore her to
Paradise; there with kindred spirits to en-
joy bliss unspeakable. Knowing that they
were beggars—no hope for her last hus-
band—the thoughts which gathered round
her proved fatal—her heart was broken.

Only for a moment did Victor De Vere
gaze upon this scene of horror, when, rais-
ing his arms towards heaven, he uttered
a cry of mingled grief and baffled ven-
geance, and rushed from the room.

A few days after the above occurrence,
the body of a man was found floating upon
the bosom of the waters. He was at once
recognized as the Walter West of our
story. All surmises as to the cause of his
death were forever put to rest, by the fol-
lowing note which was discovered upon the
table in his room.

"Life is now a burden to me. What
have I to live for? Riches, character, wife,
are all gone. Am I a man to bear this
load of wretchedness? To feel the venom
creeping, day by day through my veins,
destroying this body inch by inch, when in
a moment,—yes, in a second, I have the
power to end my agony—to drown all in
oblivion? Peace, then, shall be mine.
Peace—no, there is not one hope that peace
will ever come. The image of my murder-
ed Fannie, is ever before me. She beck-
ons me on with her pale hands. Yes, I
shall follow thee, thou angel of innocence.
I can die but once—death must come to
all, sooner or later; and why not now to
me? My days can, at least, be short;
my face is pale and wan, my eyes have lost
their lustre, and are sunken deep in their
sockets; my lips are purple;—and death
stands ready, waiting for his victim. My
life is a burden—a load too heavy for me
to bear—and to-morrow I shall be in eter-
nity. Fannie, Fannie, my angel wife—I
come—I come."
W. W.

The tragedy was ended. Side by side
they were buried, and oft a muffled form
was seen bending over the sacred urn as if
in deep misery. None knew from whence
he came, but when a short time after, he
was found stretched lifeless across the grave,
all knew, and gazed with wonder upon the
countenance of Victor De Vere. He had
come to die upon the grave of his victims.
Remorse, with its vulture fangs, had seized
upon him, and destiny had drawn him
to the spot where his vengeance had been
accomplished. Death had called him to
meet them he had wronged, at the bar of
his Maker. His vows of revenge had been
fulfilled, and the grave at last claimed as
its own, all that remained of the GAMBLER
AND HIS VICTIMS.

BONAPARTE'S ENGLISH LETTER.

Count has Cassis has, in his collection at
Paris, a curious document, said to be the
first and only attempt of Napoleon to write
in English, of which the following is given
as a transcript: 'Count has Cassis—since
six week I learn the English and I do
not any progress, six week do forty and
two day it might have learn fifty word for
day, I could know it two thousands and
two hundred. It is in the dictionary
more of forty thousand even he could
must twenty bout much often for know
it or hundred and twenty which do more

two years, after this you shall agree that
to study one tongue is a great labor, who
it must do in the young aged. Lordwood
(Longwood) this morning the seven March
thursday, one thousand eight hundred
sixteen after nativity the year Jesus
Christ."

ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT:—In one
of Bayard Taylor's recent letters from
Germany, we find the following descrip-
tion of this wonderful man.

The first impression made by Humboldt's
face is that of a broad and genial humani-
ty. His massive brow, heavy with the
gathered wisdom of nearly a century, bends
forward and overhangs his breast, like a
ripe ear of corn; but as you look below it,
a pair of clear blue eyes, almost as bright
and steady as a child's, meet your own.
In those eyes you read that trust in man,
that immortal youth of the heart, which
make the snows of eighty-seven winters
lie so lightly upon his head. You trust
him utterly at the first glance, and you feel
that he will trust you, if you are worthy
of it. I had approached him with a natu-
ral feeling of reverence, but in five min-
utes I found that I loved him, and could
talk with him as freely as with a friend of
my own age. His nose, mouth and chin
have the heavy Teutonic character, whose
genuine type always expresses an honest
simplicity and directness. I was most
surprised by the youthful character of his
face. I knew that he had been frequent-
ly indisposed during the present year, and
had been told that he was beginning to
show the marks of his extreme age; but
I should not have suspected him of being
over seventy-five. His wrinkles are few
and small, and his skin has a smoothness
and delicacy rarely seen in old men. His
hair, although snow-white, is still abundant,
his step slow but firm, and his manner ac-
tive almost to restlessness. He sleeps but
four hours out of the twenty-four, reads
and replies to his daily rail of letters, and
suffers no single occurrence of the least
interest in any part of the world to escape
his attention. I could not perceive that
his memory, the first mental faculty to
show decay, is at all impaired. He talks
rapidly, with the greatest apparent ease,
never hesitating for a word, whether in
English or German, and, in fact, seemed
to be unconscious which language he was
using, as he changed five or six times in
his chair more than ten minutes at a time,
frequently getting up and walking about
the room, now and then pointing to a pic-
ture or opening a book to illustrate some
remark.

You have travelled much, and seen
many ruins, said Humboldt, as he gave
his hand again; 'now you have seen one
more, 'Not a ruin,' I could not help re-
plying, 'but a pyramid.' For I pressed

